

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JAN., 4, 1895.

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## PHYSICIANS.

J. W. MARTIN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. F. H. Drug Store North side

DR. A. T. NOE,

Homoeopathist

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays 9 to 10 a. m. and 3 to 4 p. m. Office over Normal Book Store.

L. J. CONNER,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Sperry, Mo. Will attend calls day and night.

O. W. AVERY,

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Will give special attention to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union Bank, down stairs. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 and 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

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10th to the 24th of Each Month.

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GOBEN & NICHOLS,

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They will attend calls at all hours.

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Millard, Mo.

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W. D. GOODE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Office—Front rooms over First National bank.

R. R. DUNKIN, L. L. B.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

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Late of Canton, formerly of St. Louis, has located permanently in

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and will give special attention to diseases of the

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

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WARD'S DRUGSTORE, WEST SIDE

## HULDA.

"Heard the news, Miss Hulda?"

The woman addressed looked up from under a big blue sun bonnet. She had been shelling peas as she sat on the front door-step of her pretty dwelling. Her beautiful eyes glittered, her set but handsome features were alive with interest for one brief moment. Her heart told her that something was coming that concerned her directly. "No, I haven't," she answered, the flash in her eyes fading out and her fingers trembling. "I s'pose it's Lishe Webster's marriage. I heard he was engaged."

"No, 'tain't that—it's nearer home."

It was an honest, sunburned face, that of her neighbor, Farmer Harvey, who had come a mile out of his way to tell the tale that had been told to him. He flushed to his ears, though he was red enough before, as he went on stuttering.

"Miss Bellair, Dan's wife, had a fall. They say her back's broke. 'Twas from Satan's ledge, where she was picking blackberries. A stone rolled and she went over—twenty feet down, I guess. An' there's all them children. I swear I feel bad for Dan."

Miss Hulda's handsome lips were set with a sterner curve as she bent over the pan of glittering pea-pods.

"I thought it would come. I knew he'd be punished for marrying that creature," she murmured her whole woman's nature in arms. "I told him no good 'd come of it, and there ain't."

I declared I wouldn't help him, come what might, and I won't!"

All the color and grace of beauty died out of her face.

The farmer wiped his forehead with a heavy red and yellow silk handkerchief. Then he clapped his straw hat on with something that sounded like an oath hurled from between his teeth.

"Ain't you just a little hard, Miss Hulda? Ain't you just a little hard? She's been a good wife and mother, fur as I kin see. I know she was wild and foolish in her younger days, and got herself talked about, but she's all right now. Poor Dan! The place down there is hard farmin', as you'll 'low, all stone an' rock ledges. 'Taint like these acres up here, cleared and planted 'fore you and I were ever born."

"Roger Harvey, don't you say a word," and now the woman's eyes were ablaze. "We've always been an honest family. Not much money among us, but always a proud name so far as I ever heard of the Bellairs. But now it's dragged in the dust. Why, I never was so thankful in my life that the old folks were dead, when Dan came home with the news that he was goin' to marry Fan Taggart. The world seemed fallin' round me. If the hills had melted and run down and covered us, I would a' been thankful. Fan Taggart! A big, brazen, handsome, vulgar girl, whom nobody would speak to on account of her character, and our Dan! Such a delicate, high-minded man! The only brother I ever had, and that I loved—as I!"

She broke down then, and turned to take up the pan which she had set aside in her wrath. A tear actually rolled over her smooth cheek.

"Roger Harvey," she went on, as she rose and stood against the dull amber back-ground of the open door, a slight, symmetrical, graceful figure, in spite of the ample apron and the prim dimity gown; "perhaps you thought I'd care, but I don't. That's come to pass that I told him would. 'If you bring that girl here,' I said, 'I'll go.' Mother told us on her dyin' bed never to part. He was all I had. I was all he had. He was weakly, and I'd a worked my fingers to the bone for him and for his wife, too, if he had married the woman, but to bring that—oh!" she cried shrilly, "don't let me talk any more about it. I should go crazy."

She walked a few steps into the sombre kitchen, then the impulse of hospitality arrested her steps, some fine instinct, also, of having over-stepped the bounds of delicacy.

"Come in, Roger, and don't mind my quick temper," she said in an altered voice, "there's green-apple pies and new bread and caraway cakes. I'm sure you must be hungry."

"Not this mornin', the farmer said. 'I left my horse over to the blacksmith's to be shod. He cast a shoe, comin'! Good mornin'!"

He walked slowly down the path, stopped a moment at the gate to look at the bright, many-gabled house, and the thrifty, up-hill acres beyond.

"She's well fixed, anyway," he muttered; "fine business woman, too; the rock on her place is a help rather than a hindrance. Well, ef she ain't got the grit of all the Bellairs, boiled down. I suppose ef Dan had broke his back it would a been different. Poor Dan! with all them children!" a d he moved steadily down the road.

"Broke her back! broke her back!" muttered Hulda, yet the words hardly conveyed the terrible meaning they covered. She set the pan of peas on the kitchen table, and went to the window that looked into the back yard.

A pile of rocks that she had taken great pains to make ornamental stuck into view, as if to supplement her words. Wild strawberries grew in all the crevices, and graceful vines ran from top to base interlaced with other delicate plants, till the whole thing was one spiky bloom just now. Hulda's taste was supremely critical. She possessed, by nature, an insight into colors and harmonies. The house itself was a picture from the way the trees framed it and the ivy overlapped its brown sides. Everything was prospering. There had been no blight, no hurtful frost in the early spring, so that the money in the bank was safe and very likely to be doubled in another year.

It was this sense of culminating prosperity that gave an added horror to the bad news her neighbor had brought. She had taken a sort of ill regulated interest in her brother's doing. She knew that he taught school at Dickson's Corner and did a little farming, enough to keep the family in vegetables. She knew that every year brought new responsibilities, and that there were already seven children, but to her knowledge she had never seen one of them.

"I don't want to see you or your wife, or your children, if you have any," she had said in her wrath when she left her brother's house. It seemed to her that her heart was broken, that disgrace had set its seal upon her forehead. She would not visit the neighbors, would not go to church, and for a time refused to meet the man to whom she had been engaged for two years.

All this had happened ten years before. She was now thirty-one. Her business transactions had been prosperous. The farm she bought for a song had increased in value, and she was comparatively a rich woman.

During all this time she had never met her brother, who lived more than five miles away. Her lover, Lishe Webster, as the whole community called him, wearied of her stubborn determination to live a single life.

She had never forgotten the evening when he announced his determination to leave the town and go into a new business, of which he had been sometime thinking.

"I have worked as hard if not as long as Jacob for a wife," he had said, as he stood by the wooden mantel, and he was so tall that he could rest his elbow upon it, "but now I am utterly discouraged. If you would give me any hope, if you would say not now, but in so many years, then I would take heart and try to make a name for myself. You say your marriage with me would disgrace me. Well

Hulda that is a sort of disgrace I would wear upon my sleeve with perfect impunity. It seems to me you are cold as well as hard of heart, my dear."

If he had but stopped there, the result might have been in his favor, but he was incautions, and, like many men, lacking in tact.

"I really don't see anything to grieve over in your brother's marriage," he went on. "They appear to get along together, he and his wife. She's a very pretty woman, no one can deny that, and he seems to be proud of his choice, so why not relent? If I don't care why should you?"

Then the lightnings of wrath struck terror to his soul. Instead of the slender, sweet-faced girl, attired in his own favorite color, a blue gingham, her eyes matching its azure, her lips provoking dimples whenever they moved, stood a fury, her hands clenched, her glance fire, her lips white with wrath.

He to talk in that way to her of her enemy, who had worked the ruin of her life! He to excuse her brother's sin! That was the way she put it—to find any words of praise for that shameless girl whose own family had disowned her. He of all others whom she had loved and honored to insult her by allusion to one who had changed the whole current of her nature, and doomed her to a cheerless future!

So they parted more in anger than in sorrow. She never forgot his last words, spoken as he stood hat in hand, on the threshold of the door: "When you can forgive," he said in his quiet, even tones, "and he had never in her despairing eyes looked so handsome—"I will claim my own. Now, I don't know you, Hulda. An evil spirit holds possession of the woman I have loved so dearly. You have been the light of my very life for two years. I shall always love you, but it will be a love mingled with fear."

Then when she was alone and felt that she had lost him, her agony was intolerable. Bitter days and troubled nights were hers for long and weary months; but forgive Dan for marrying that miserable creature? Never!

Did all these things pass through her mind as she stood looking at the pile of rock? Perhaps, for the picture of that last interview was always before her. She had never seen Lishe since, and only a few days ago she had heard that he was engaged to be married; "her own Lishe," as she almost called him.

Hulda went on with the preparations for her dinner, which, it is needless to say, she had not much appetite for. In vain she strove to busy herself with her usual engagements. Nothing suited her or lent itself to her requirements. Her thoughts obstinately followed the bent of her imagination, and that was down at Dickson's Corners. How drearily the day passed! Was that woman dead? She wondered. How was it possible for her to live with a broken back? And yet she had heard of such marvels. Well, Dan should not want for money. She would send it to him whether he asked her for it or not.

How terribly heavy the time hung on her hands! How tasteless were her meals! With many a sigh she prepared for rest.

Morning brought no consolation. Head and heart ached alike. While doing up her hair, still brown and abundant in its silken coils, she was started at the deepened lines in her face. For the first time in her life came the dread that comes to every woman once, if not oftener, of growing old. Of course all the hope that made her life beautiful had vanished, but still she was a woman, and at her best a very womanly woman.

She had not yet gone down stairs when she heard some one knocking. Again and again it sounded—a quick impatient rap. Hurrying a little, she opened the front door, with a sudden apprehension that her brother had sent for her. A little girl, her face beyond all

beauty beautiful, stood on the door-step. Hulda had never seen her before, and yet her face was a revelation. Over the small gray scarf about her neck floated curls of a color so golden that they seemed to have borrowed their lustre from the sun itself. A troubled but engaging smile beamed from the small face, bringing deep dimples into play. Pure, confiding, innocent, lovely beyond the power of language to describe, she looked up in Hulda's face.

"Who are you?" faltered the pale woman, stepping back a pace, for the girl pressed forward.

"I think you are my Aunt Hulda," was the reply, with a confident smile. "I have come to—to see you," she added, simply.

"Oh!" the woman shivered. "You must have got up before candle light, to walk that distance," she said.

"No, indeed, I started last night to go to Mrs. Hale, the nurse; father sent me for her. She would not let me go back with her because it was late and I was tired, so I stayed there all night. This morning I thought I would try and find you and tell you all about our trouble. You are my father's own sister, aren't you?"

"Yes," Hulda answered, apathetically, "Come in. Sit down, and I'll get breakfast. You must be hungry. Take your bonnet off, child. So there is trouble at home?"

"Oh, dear, yes," and the pretty, piping voice grew plaintive. "The baby makes it worse, you see. It's only three months old, and it cries. Mother she can't do anything because"—the child's voice trembled—"She's hurt in the back and we're most afraid she won't live. And papa has to give up his school and walk the baby all day and all night. And I s'pect he had to undress the children last night. I always help, there are so many of them," she added in an old-fashioned, womanly way.

"But then, we are all very fond of 'em. Poor papa! he does try so hard, but everything goes against him. Mother, when she was up, tried to keep him cheerful, and told me always to be bright and happy before him," "cause I'm the oldest, you know. My mother's a good woman," and the child's words ended in a sob.

The tears began to run over Hulda's cheeks, but she kept her face away. Her brother, the delicate gentlemanly man he had always been, weighted with poverty, hampered with children. That was the way she looked at it. But presently the child's sobbing overcame her. Blessed be the ministrations of pure childhood!

"Who told you to come here?" asked Hulda, as she brewed the tea to keep herself from yielding to the new impulses that thronged upon her.

"Nobody. I knew you were my aunt. Papa showed me your picture once. He keeps it locked up in a little box, and once in a while he looks at it. I guess he loves you; don't you think he does?"

"—so I want to tell you our trouble. I'm ten years old, and I never saw you before. Are you angry with my father?"

Hulda, turning around, fell on one knee, and held out both arms. "Come here, child," she gasped, and there they were together, the child cuddled in Hulda's arms.

Hulda herself swaying and sobbing.

"The cruel, cruel rocks!" she said to herself, "but not crueler nor harder than my heart."

Before noon of that day there was a transformation in Dan Bellair's little home. Everything was swept and garnished, and the baby was quiet. Dan himself sat and feasted his tired eyes on Hulda's transfigured face. She had always been his idol, and grief for the loss of her love had made him old before his time. It was astonishing, the change that had come upon Hulda. She was sweetness itself to the pale creature who suffered so bitterly; she was a mother to the children. And when, months after, the broken woman,

that woman, moved feebly about the house, disfigured for life, Hulda had her great farm wagon brought down, and, bundling them all in, drove from the damp, unwholesome dwelling, where there was scant room, to her own high, breezy, upland home, and installed them all there.

Never was transformation more complete, or more appreciated. Hulda wondered how she had lived so long without love of all those loving hearts, without the noise, the rush, and the laughter of merry, beautiful children kissing and fondling her at every turn.

Lishe Webster had come home. He had probably brought his wife with him, but the sore heart of Hulda was tender as well as chastened, now. She only hoped she might not see him, for the old love was strong yet.

He came straight to the house on the hill, his face bright though bronzed. The ten years had scarcely changed him.

"I have come to claim my own," he said simply. "I have heard all from my sister."

"But—your wife?" stammered Hulda, scarcely knowing what she said.

"I have no wife," he said. "My cousin is lately married. His name is the same as my own. Come Hulda!"

And she went straight into his arms.

## To Country Girls.

If your lives have fallen into some quiet, unpretentious place, do not complain that it is dull and commonplace and that "there is nothing to live for here," as I have heard so many do. Why, dear heart, there is no place on God's earth so bleak and barren, so quiet and lonely, so wind-swept and rain-beaten, but that there is a great deal to live for right there, and when you have grown a little older you will see it with clear eyes; and you will, perhaps, look back to the country village and wish—oh, how you will wish!—that you had been happy and contented in that simple life. You will know then that it is nobler to live well a hum-drum life than to wear out body, mind and soul in a fever of gaiety and frivolity and to stretch out your empty hands always to something you cannot seize.

Better to sing babies to sleep in the soft twilight that folds down over the cottage home than to loll in carriages and laugh at the brainless nonsense that men of the world whisper in your jeweled ears. And better far better to dwell forever away from the lights and the roar, and the temptations, and the sins of the city, with a clean heart and a pure soul, than to let the city's passionate unrest creep into your pulses and set them beating in a mad chase after—death.—Good Form.

"Not to make money, but to make men" is a noble purpose. But from a practical point of view, would it not be well to do both? The ideal American farmer of the future is a business man of brains, not only skillful in making his farm do its very best in production, but successful, from his knowledge of markets and their demands, in producing just what will sell best and realizing the highest price for it. He will not only know how to farm well, but how to be happy and make money while doing it.

Shiloh's cure, the great cough and croup cure is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it. Sold by McKeehan & Reed, druggists.

A man will sometimes try to act the rascal with his horse, and make him do the work of two on short rations, but he always gets left in the end.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c, McKeehan & Reed.

## THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC FREE

Special Offer to Readers of this paper.

A GREAT METROPOLITAN PAPER IS INDISPENSABLE NOW.

The "Twice-a-week" St. Louis Republic will be sent FREE for one year to any person sending, before January 31, 1895, a club of three new yearly subscribers, with \$3 to pay for the same.

Already the clans are gathering for the fray in 1896, and 1895 will be full of interesting events. The skirmish lines will be thrown out, the maneuvering done and the plans of campaign arranged for the great contest in '96.

The remaining short session of the Democratic Congress, to be followed shortly by a Republican Congress with a Democrat in the Presidential chair will be productive of events of incalculable interest.

In fact, more political history will be constructed, during 1895 than in any year since the foundation of the Government, and a man without a newspaper will be like a useless lump in the movements of public opinion.

You can get three new subscribers for The Republic by a few minutes' effort. Remember in The Republic subscribers get a paper twice-a-week for the price of a weekly—only \$1.00 a year. Try it, at once, and see how easily it can be done. If you wish a package of samples, copies, write for them, at our advertising department and send with your order. Address The St. Louis Republic, St. Louis, Mo.

Sheriff's Sale. No 3144.

By virtue and authority of a special execution on a judgment for delinquent taxes issued from the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Adair county, Missouri, returnable at the January term, 1895, of said court, to me directed in favor of Wm. Meeks collector of the revenue of Adair county, Missouri, and against Charles O. Beard, E. O. Gates and H. F. Millan, I have levied upon and seized all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Charles O. Beard, E. O. Gates and H. F. Millan, of in and to the following described real estate situate in Adair County, Missouri, to-wit: 40 acres, the north east fourth of the south east quarter of section No. twenty-six (26), township No. sixty-one (61), of Range No. sixteen (16), and I will on Saturday, the 12th day of January, 1895, between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and five o'clock p. m. of that day, while the Circuit Court for Adair County, Missouri, is in session, at the Court House door, in Kirksville, Adair County, Missouri, sell the same, or so much thereof as may be required, at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, to satisfy said executions and costs.

GEO. W. RUPE,

Sheriff, Adair County, Mo.

## Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Nathan O. Minear and his wife Georgia V. Minear by their private deed of trust dated February 6th 1889, duly executed and acknowledged, conveyed to the undersigned trustee the following real estate to-wit: Lots numbered three (3) and four (4) in block five (5) in the town of Willard in Adair county Missouri, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described.

And whereas the said note has become due and remains unpaid. Now therefore by virtue of the powers conferred upon me by said deed of trust and at the request of the owner and holder of said note, I will on Monday the 14th day of January 1895 at the court house door in the city of Kirksville in Adair county Missouri, expose said property for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said note and interest. Dec. 13, 1894.

THOMAS W. LANTZ,

Trustee.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. McKeehan & Reed druggist.

A man will never be a successful farmer who does not love his farm well enough to keep it neat. He may make money, but you are greatly behind the hour if you have not yet learned that success is not counted by dollars.

Hope for success and then faithfully hope by deserving it.